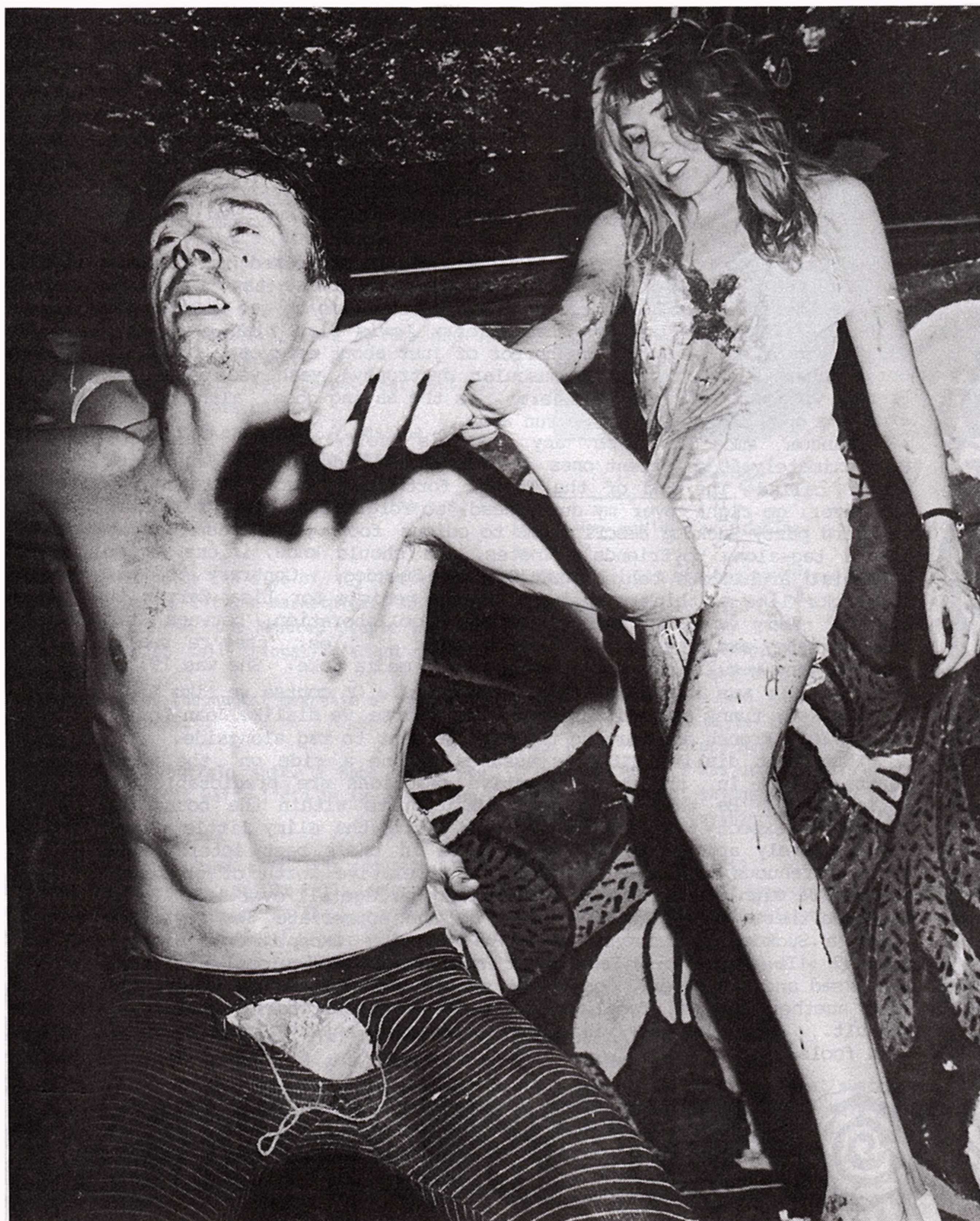


ROLLER DERBY

ISSUE NINE

WINTER 92

TWO DOLLARS



COSTES

This interview was originally conducted for Bananafish. I ruthlessly stole it. -LC

Cover photo of Costes and Dancy by Moot Tewks

Introduction by Seymour Glass

It's natural for Americans to dislike the French, one of the few nationalities often characterized by arrogance more legendary than our own. In the case of M. Jean-Louis Costes de St. Denis, our antipathy is sorely misplaced. Of course, knee-jerk fear induces us to call him a frog and a prevert, just as it motivates us in 95% of the things we do and neglect to do. I've used those very words myself (as would any worthless jerk), but you're perfect and will never succumb to rash impulses.

Even a used up old fuckwit like me would be surprised to discover that JLC feels uncomfortable being hated--not because that's what he wants or deserves; only because he's had a long time to get used to it. Even in France, the land that hails Jerry Lewis blah blah blah as a genius (much to the long-time horror of just about everyone, including our brothers and sisters with muscular dystrophy) yeah yeah sure, the French welcome him with open arms, as the saying goes, although the arms are open as the welcomers run away.

Random smooches from any of his self-released cassettes (approximately 60 different ones to date), half dozen CDs, and a new album called The End of the Trail, forthcoming from Scratch in Vancouver, go right over my dunderhead, so forget it. Often relegated in third party Suckdog descriptions to odious footnote status (one of Lisa's tag-along boyfriends), Costes, you should know, is one of two essential architects behind Your Beloved Suckdog. Contrary to what buttsucks like me think, Suckdog is less a vehicle for Lisa Carver to disrobe and more an ongoing collaboration between two whatever-they-are's who respect each other. Yes, they're really married, and yes, it was for love, not as a media joke. She was 19; he was 34. It was in Philadelphia. Beautiful. Of course we like Lisa; she's naked, funny and flirtatious. Of course we dislike Jean-Louis; he's naked, French and hurting the girl we want to tag alongside.

Not that disliking Costes assures anyone a ride on the great sanitary belt in the sky. Negative reactions are predictable and anticipated. Be that as it may, it is quite within the bounds of reason to expect that one is in fact twice the slimy little weasel Costes merely appears to be, so it'd be in one's best interests to avoid strenuous arguments involving the relative worth of obnoxious extroverts with brain damage and rotting garbage all over 'em. We've all been there, am I right? Lighten up and appreciate the guy. You think a Suckdog performance would be anything except dull without Costes? It wouldn't. Yes, their operas are meticulously written, rehearsed and rewritten. Costes, it's about time we recognized, is not just another lump of fecal matter in the vast shitstorm of cultural assault. He's the very wind itself. Or not. Anyway, America, we've been fools.

LISA: Jean-Louis, will you please tell me your African poop story again?

JEAN-LOUIS: Oh no, I can't.

LISA: Please, Jean-Louis, this is my favorite story.

JEAN-LOUIS: It's not in Africa, it's in South America. In fact, I went fifteen days in the jungle. It was the first time I was going in the jungle and I didn't bring any food--that's pretty incredible, but it's true. I thought I would arrive and the Indians say Hello. I thought I would pay some food from the Indians. But they didn't pay any attention to me. They didn't want to sell us the food because they're not really interested in money and they didn't have enough food. So I didn't eat almost at all. Then when I got back to the big city I got crazy on food. For the first time in my life I had missed everything for such a long period. And I went in like ten restaurants, testing every food, eating everything, everything.... And in the streets are small markets that sell fruits, I eat everything. And then I took another bus a long way, all night long, and the bus didn't stop, didn't stop.... And I begin to have...intestinal problems...but really big ones: it was working, working. So I had to try to close my ass. At the beginning I was closing normally, but at the end I just had to close by hand, like that.

LISA: Did you just press your fist against your rectum, or actually stick your fingers up it?

JEAN-LOUIS: I was going to explode! A massage can't stop it after a while, it's too bad--my fingers had to go up.

So suddenly the bus stops, I go out of the bus, I take my pants down, and explode.

LISA: Did everyone see?

JEAN-LOUIS: I try to go by the side of the bus--it was by night--but it was a city, a marketplace, so it was very crowded with people. One hundred people wait to take the bus, try to sell things--it's not like a Greyhound bus!

PFL000W! explodes the hugest mountain of shit I've never seen.

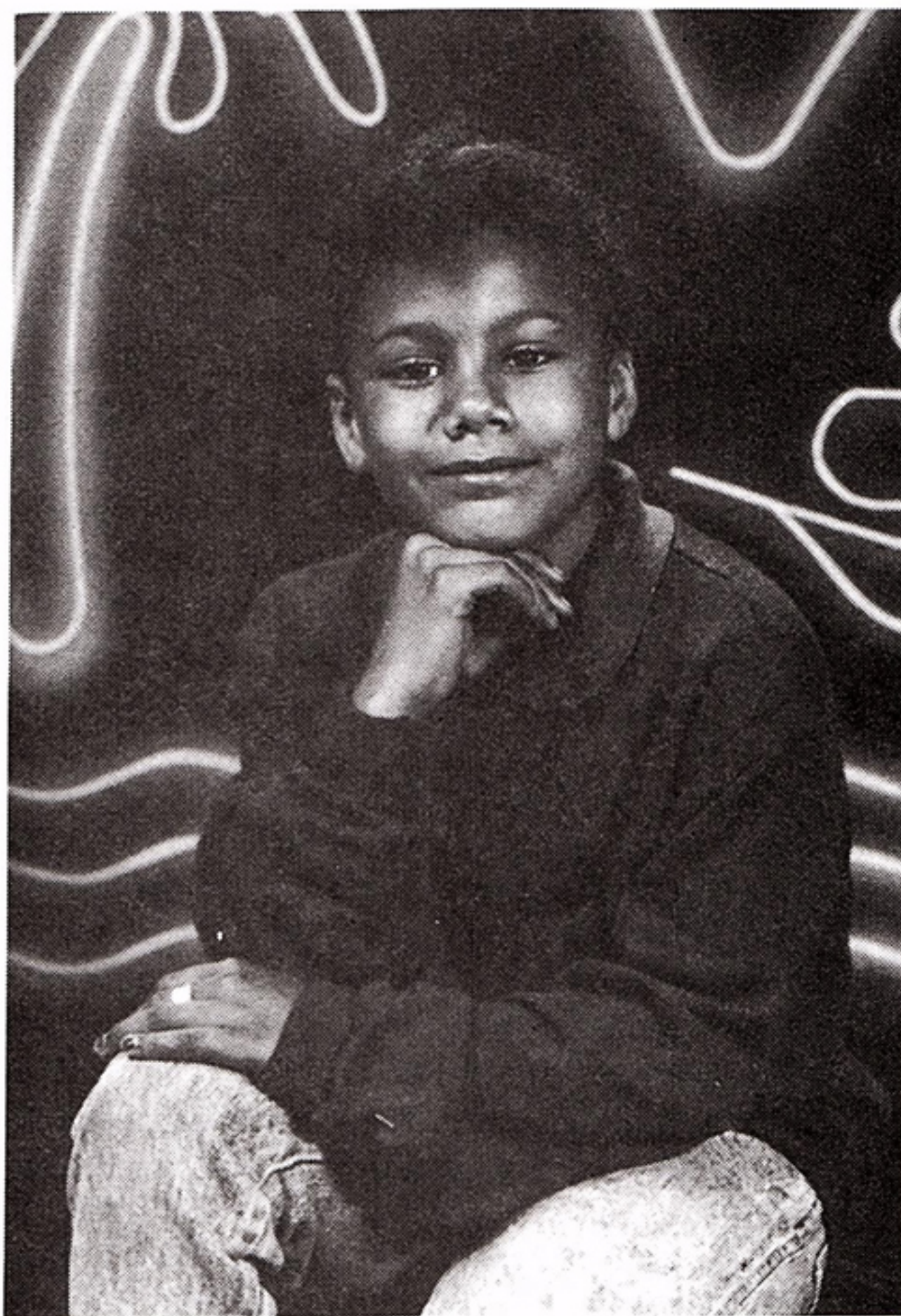
LISA: How big?

JEAN-LOUIS: Like a...buffalo shit, a huge thing you can't believe. I didn't wait--I did it in one thing: it was like, BLOM!

LISA: Was it a foot high?

JEAN-LOUIS: It was clean and soft, the mountain. Not hard, not liquid: it stands, but it falls down slowly, like that. Like an ice cream on the verge to become water, but still ice. But much bigger than an ice cream it was! It was super-cup.

And the police came to ask me my passport because I was shitting in the middle of the...maybe it was not normal to be exploding like that. They threatened me about this huge mountain of shit. I didn't say it was me, but they knew from their spies. Because you know in those countries they have their civil police who spy the gringos when they go out of the bus--they could be like leftists or something. So they spy the gringo, and they see the gringo make an explosion, so they call the police station.



Darling

1989

LISA: How would you define your relationship with Darling?

JEAN-LOUIS: I'm not her boyfriend, and I never figure out what I was.

On the left in my garden there is a tree looking like a New Hampshire tree, white and.... So Darling, when she was a baby she left Haiti, and I think she had a grandmother there who gave her a spirit to protect her, and I thought maybe this spirit attracted me to this house to protect her. Why I was doing all these things for her? I was used by this spirit.

LISA: What sort of things do you do for Darling?

JEAN-LOUIS: I do anything for her. Anything she asks, I will do.

LISA: What does she ask?

JEAN-LOUIS: Mm, I don't know--nothing, almost.

LISA: What do you think is the future for you and Darling?

JEAN-LOUIS: Normally, there is no future for us. I'm too old, anyway.

LISA: How old are you?

JEAN-LOUIS: 38.

LISA: And how old is Darling?

JEAN-LOUIS: I don't know. That's strange, but I don't know. I thought she should have been sixteen in January, from what she said me when I met her. So that means when I met her she was maybe thirteen. But just before I left I saw her passport, and she was not even fifteen, so it means when I met her, she was not even

twelve. It's hard to believe.

LISA: You were saying how she is the master of games...

JEAN-LOUIS: Yes. For me, women are a mystery, but sooner or later I will just consider the woman like another person, like me. And then that's it, there's no way I can be interested in that. Because in my brain, a woman is an alien. So when I understand suddenly it's just a person like me but with a different belly...that's it, you know?--if it's just that, then there's something wrong. It has to stay like an alien. And Darling, I know her for three years--and I had anyway some kind of sex with her...enough, enough, plenty, I mean. Much more than enough to know how she is, so I can't really dream about her body, her figure, but she's very mysterious. I think she's more intelligent than me. She surprises me.

LISA: What does she like to do?

JEAN-LOUIS: I can't contact her because of her family, so she contacts me for three years. And she says no to everything all the time, but she's still there.

What she likes is to eat raw ice. You can't buy it in France. So the whole trip is to get to a place where we can get a lot of raw ice for free. So we go to a café or someplace, but they don't want you to eat so much ice. They want you to put it in the drink, but they don't want you to fill a bag. So the whole business is to try to drive a place, fill a bag, and drive it back so the ice is not all water.

The only thing I do is: I record songs, I get the call, I go, get ice, I come back. And I'm happy. I'm happy if the ice is still ice, because it's hard with the traffic and everything. I don't know why it's interesting, but it's interesting.

Another problem connected to Darling is that's the first time I deal with someone who hates my music. Who really despise it--spit on it, you know. Thinks it's really total shame I do that. So I've tried to do mainstream music. Or I will stop, get a regular job. Then I'll have to get really the top. She doesn't like small jobs. I would better be wealthy--not for the money, but for the social position. She hates the welfare situation.

LISA: You were selling drugs for a while.

JEAN-LOUIS: I was selling drugs, travelling. I did that for maybe ten years. But I stopped taking drugs myself in '80 because I had heart problems with cocaine. And I was playing piano a lot, a lot. Like half of the day, every day. Like a law. Not only classic; I invented my own system of exercise and improvisation. But when I met you, then this music became more like a business, connected to public. Before you, it was just private--no one wanted to hear it.

LISA: Why do you yell instead of sing?

JEAN-LOUIS: I think I sing, me. In school I was not allowed to sing. I was the only one. I have no ear. I am absolutely untalented in music.

LISA: You were saying that what you and I do on stage is like voodoo.

JEAN-LOUIS: What we try to do in the beginning is kind

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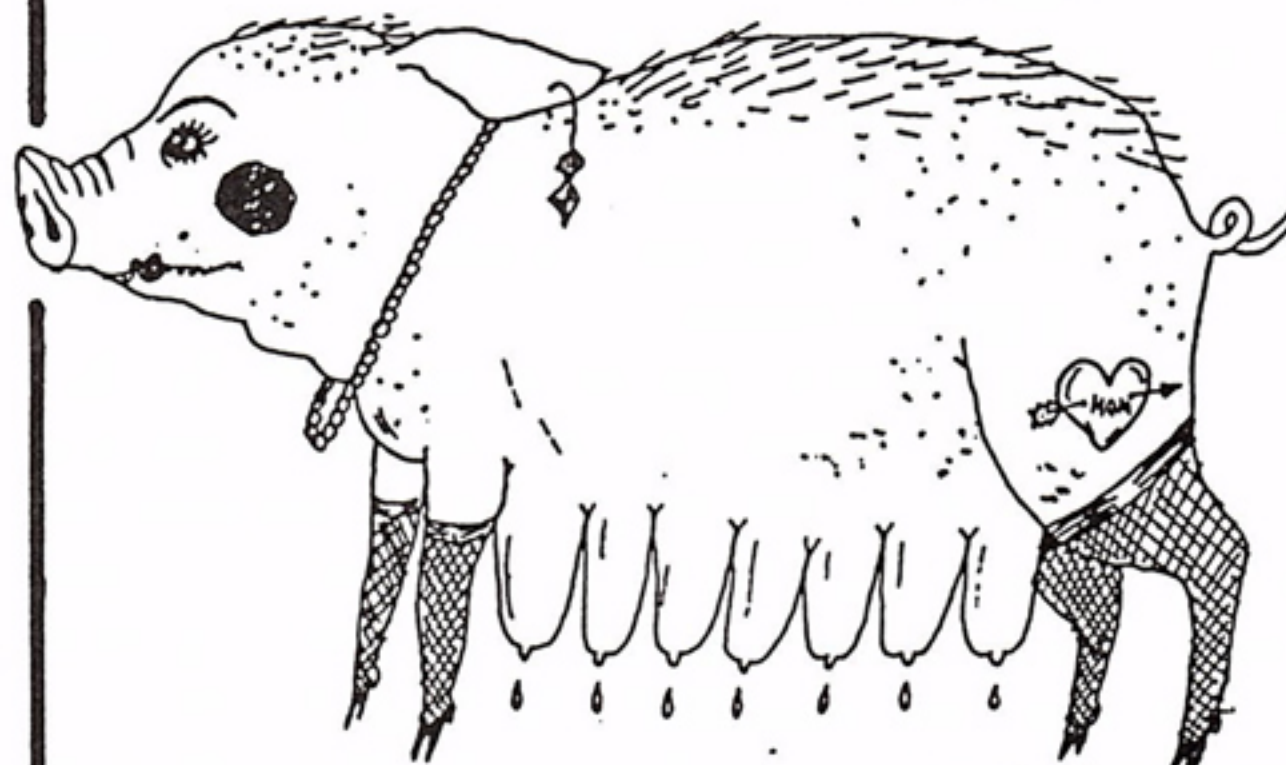
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of opera, so it's nothing like voodoo. It's supposed to be organized, like a story, like a movie. But then when there's problems--I've noticed that at this moment, we begin. We do everything easily, even dangerous things; we get a lot of ideas.

LISA: You can eat raw chicken or people's boots or any unhygienic object off the ground and never get sick.

JEAN-LOUIS: With no hesitation! [In this living room], I would be ashamed. Something stupid--I walked on live cigarettes. It's like in any dangerous situation--you don't feel what you do. It's like in car accidents. Except we organize that, we don't have a car accident. We are not running in the street with a murderer in our back. There is no real danger. There is a kind of stress from the crowd, but we could do it even in front of an audience of five persons and get totally mad. It happens sometimes. I think you especially got the worse, the more voodoo. Myself, I never got out of control--I just feel much more strength. In fact, that's the public, too, who wants something like a religion more than a show. 'Cause that's the public who more and more push us to do something special with them. More and more they come on stage. Like the show is just a good reason to do something else. No one really cares about the show. Yes, but in voodoo, too, they use the ceremonial.

LISA: You said that what [Haitians] do with knowledge from their ancestors, we do in the dark, feeling around.

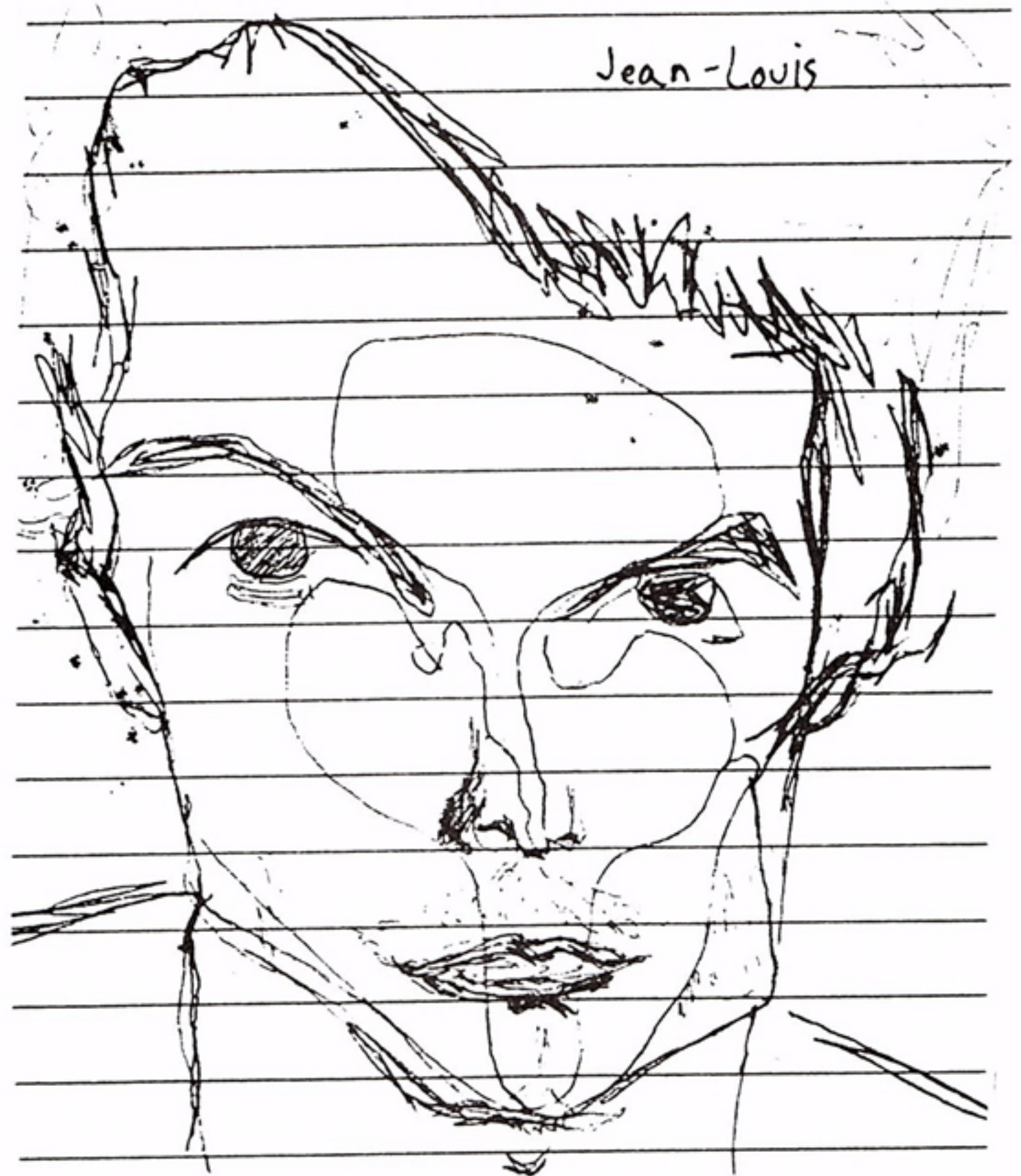
JEAN-LOUIS: Yes, we are late. We don't know what we do. The crowd doesn't know, too. The audience is not people who have seen this done since their childhood.

LISA: What was the most unenjoyable part of this [Suckdog July 1992] tour for you?

JEAN-LOUIS: Darcy. (laughs)

LISA: I'm sure she would say the same about you.

JEAN-LOUIS: Howcome those very rare persons who accept to work with us, they don't like the show? That's what makes me upset. This make me sick. I don't like someone tries to destroy me--I can destroy myself. I don't need someone to give me advice to kill myself. I know my social position, I know I have no money. Myself, every day I can think about that--death. So if someone tries to go this road, it doesn't bring anything new, because myself I know it much better. She like pinched my arms, like mosquitoes. Just like my father. They all say you everything you do is shit, shit, shit. It's nothing interesting to say. So that's what I dislike a lot, a lot. In the same time, I respect she took a month of her life to come to work



drawing by Lisa

with us. Maybe you and I are psychological weird-o's so there's too many tensions.

A lot of people can hate me, but they don't know why. They don't have a real reason to hate me. I don't owe them money, I didn't rob them, I didn't ask anything. I didn't ask to be in Caroliner, me.

It's because it's very obvious I don't respect people. I don't like them, I'm not friendly. People get very upset at that.

LISA: You're very funny and polite the first couple times you meet people, but after that you'll meet them in a café and hide your head in your hands and you leave as soon as you're done eating.

JEAN-LOUIS: They hate that--they want some friendly attention.

LISA: I don't find it exceedingly enjoyable myself.

JEAN-LOUIS: Yes, but I don't do that to you. Or maybe you're used to me.

I understand it's not enjoyable, but it's not a direct attack on them.

Me too I would hate it maybe.

GEMS FROM JEAN-LOUIS

Les Oxyures CD--20 songs about intestinal worms. In french, but you can follow along with the pictures.

Lung Farts CD--Includes the hit classic "Poop Sadist." In English.

Livrez Les Blanches Aux Bicots CD--Says give the Whites to the Arabs. In French.

Sorciere CD--slow, French love songs to Darling.

Terminator Moule CD--"Killer Pussy." Jean- Louis has a lot of problems with the larger half of the

population. In French.

Hung By The Dick cassette--The comedy routines are hot. The songs, dealing again with race and sexual relations, disturbed even me.

Costes t-shirt--Him, naked, in jungle. B&W, XL.

All items \$10 post-paid, except tape is \$4.

Available from Lisa Carver, 16794 Center Way, Guerneville, CA 95446. Or write to Mr. Costes at 13 quai du Square, 93200 Saint Denis, FRANCE.

MATT DILLON!!!!!! ! ?

Dear El fuckface,

My mom told me not to say fuck, but here's a review of SUCKDOG, Lisa at CBGB's NYC July 11, 1992.

One of the biggest taboos is dirty underwear. Even kids with fucked up moms and dads know that it's wrong, nay, shameful to have a dirty, uh, obviously dirty cunnie.

Fights make me uncomfortable. In bars, skinny dumb girls like you who are on drugs, or make like they are, get assraped and laughed at in the center of a crowd of white men and their hideously frightened dates. Me and Andre and Nit stood on our chairs and I was always flinching, wondering when jizz or shit was going to slap my nice clothes or if I'd get knocked over. Darcy and Lisa fight in the pit--Lisa steals a man's money and pulls his pants down--Costes pretends to be a white trash retard with a turkey baster attachment, then I looked and Matt Dillon was standing on the floor next to me. I liked that.

Then I felt like I was at a PERFORMANCE PIECE. The show was dated and shitty--fucking meat and sellin' pussy to New York takers. Hey, I used to be a performing monkey cooze too but got payed more. I can envision your family heavy wood colonial furniture and overflowing ashtrays, trippin' at the dinner table, trying to gag down a sweet loaf that mom made after pissing on the stove door dead drunk.

When Darcy called for the bouncer like for real I got scared but I think you plant all your fearless winners in the crowd because the losers who just walk in won't fight you, huh baby? Scaredy shit. I think you're an actor's experiment for something the media crowned grunge. So I went home and rode my palm while my boyfriend slept next to me. Keeping movement to a minimum, all the weight of my aggressive pube bone against my hand, humping a star who approached me first. BEST WAY TO GET OFF.

After the show, Lisa jumped on a nonplussed Matt Dillon, then everyone noticed him, "a celebrity"--she cacked, all smeary mascara, I was full of jealousy.

On the street I asked:

ME: You smell like shit. Is that real? (Smears on her thighs.)

LISA: Bad girl! No, it's chocolate, glitter, milk, giblets-- (Little girl voice.)

ME: Enough! I want mystery!

--Derry Clunt, NYC

Dear Matt and Melissa,

We are currently on a hot bus completely filled with angry, vocal old women. The bus died. I have seven bruises on one arm alone, plus two cuts. The bus driver is yelling at a guy to put his shirt back on, and the guy is saying, "No!" I got two guys to kiss each other (with tongue) for the first time ever last night. What glory. Everyone clapped. After the show

in Boston, the following happened: 1.) A young lady kicked me, stated that as a representative of womankind, I, Lisa, am a piece of shit, and punched me in the face. I took it like a man. 2.) A skin girl disparaged my breasts or my muscles. I said say that to my face. She did. I charged, beat, and won. 3.) Real people came up (spontaneously!) to pay \$1 to be slapped by a drunk Lisa Suckdog, who was wearing a syrupy orange bikini and no make-up. It was their idea. A red letter day. I slapped more people in Philadelphia, but didn't get paid this time. Jean-Louis quit the tour, stomped off, yelled in the middle of the street that I was a liar, I threatened to sue him, he threatened to burn his house down. Our fight made Darcy, who was there throughout, throw up. Two hours and a couple of ham sandwiches later, the show went on.

Your Devoted Friend, Lisa

Dear Ken,

As soon as we crossed the state line into Missouri, we started smelling shit. Cow shit: a grassy, country smell. Then the more pungent horse droppings. And the gas station we stopped at was steeped in the most lurid human excrement stench I've ever sniffed. It had us reeling.

LATER: Wyoming, daytime. The clouds are light blue and the sky is white. Ate at "Gear Jammer."

Love, Lisa

Dear Mom,

Driving through the West, in the bottom of this sink the mountains make, I feel like I'm back in your womb. Especially since this is my second night of staying up all night; being tired makes me even more womby. (My abilities to slap, make sudden turkey calls, and sing "One Hundred Bottles of Beer on the Wall" are needed to keep the driver awake.) Gentle, grassy mountains all around. Gentle, soft sky unbroken. Woops, just passed a truck with the most hideous cabbage painted on the door. Title: "Idaho." Looked like a soggy brain.

Love, Lisa

Dear Ken,

Stopped to eat at The Outlaw, but it was too ritzy, so we went to Renegade Cafe across the street. It was pretty renegade. Then, in Olympia, Washington, got in a tussle with an overly rambunctious masochist, ending with me flipping over his head like over bicycle handles and busting my face open. There was so much blood, I found out later, they needed a mop to clean it up. My cheek was nailed to the floor with my left incisor acting as nail. One guy said, confidently, "Her neck is snapped." "No," a man in glasses countered, "just her jaw is smashed." The medics arrived, had me bite a stick, and pronounced my jaw

intact. At the hospital, I was given a bed next to a man whose head had been split open with a full mayonnaise jar. In the bathroom, I saw that my upper lip and about an inch of my cheek were open in a Y-shape peeled back to reveal my pulsating buccinator. The rest of my cheek and jaw were hard and swollen. The neon bathroom light made my eyes bright blue and, as my sweater (black) was missing a button, it plunged severely on my white, flat chest, and my wound was true red--I was sharply delineated, like Grandma in those pictures. I thought I looked quite fetching, and scouted about for a camera so that I could send you a picture, but was sent back to bed by humorless aides. Dr. Lincoln turned a bright light on my face and gave me a shot of pain killer in the center of my laceration. My Zygomaticus major and Levator anguli oris were flapping in the breeze, and my Orbicularis oris wasn't looking so hot either. He stitched the muscles up first, then the skin. It didn't hurt, but I could feel the needle moving in and out of my flesh. Now I look as if there is a centipede perpetually crawling out of my mouth. When the stitches come out, I'll have a thin, slightly raised white scar from lip corner, up about 3/4"--a lopsided smile.

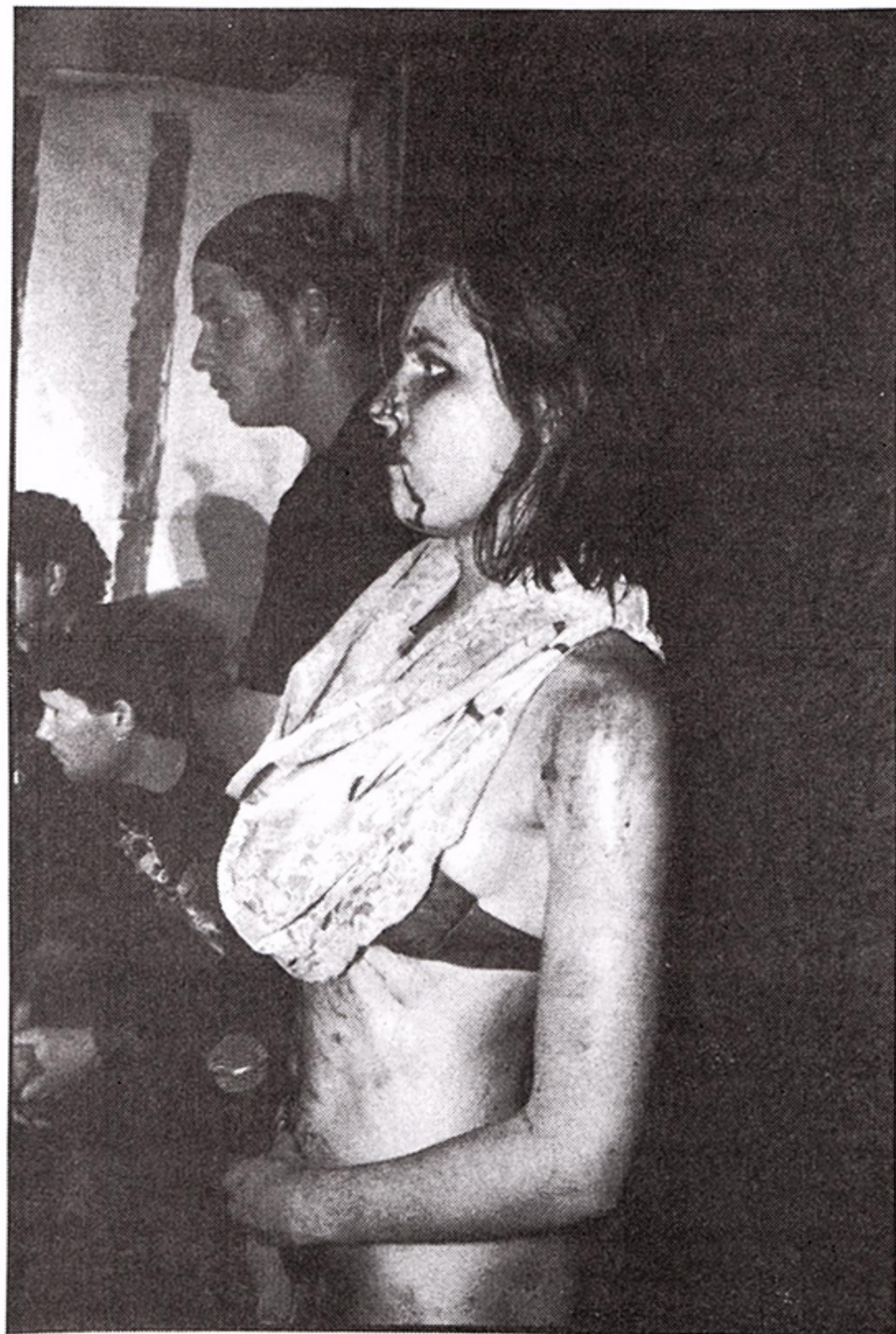
Love, Lisa

Dear Lisa,

I love your smile, and your sharp sexy incisors. I was the girl in Olympia who bet on you to win, and you called me a naughty boy with a tattoo! You looked so excited when you saw I was a girl. I was the one who said "Lisa" when you opened your eyes. I saw your eyes roll back into the sockets.

Love you. Get well SOOOON.

From: A. Brunette



*Lisa after the Los Angeles show.
Photo copyright Don Lewis, 1992.*

VERTICAL

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Hey Lisa,

You know how when you're walking in one direction and you pass people walking in the other direction you'll only hear one or two words of their conversation? Check out these two words I overheard on the street recently: "blood sausages." Now what the hell could that conversation have been about? In a way I'd like to have heard the rest of it, but sometimes the mystery is better.

X, Felipe

Hola,

I keep thinking about paying that money to those cadaverous old leeches. We shouldn't have fucked around with cash in front of them. By the way, did you see Mr. salivate whenever Mrs. touched the cash? It was flying off his lips like crazy. If only his head spun around he could be a lawn sprinkler. Unless the lawn's pavement, in which case a volleyball net could be made of the guts of Mrs.

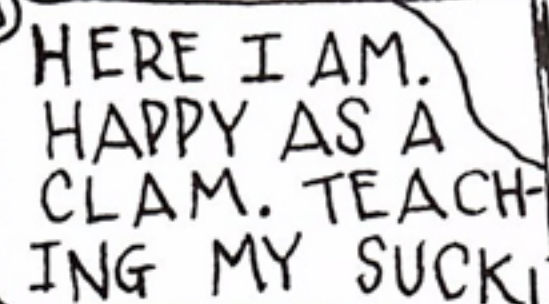
--S. Glass

Dame

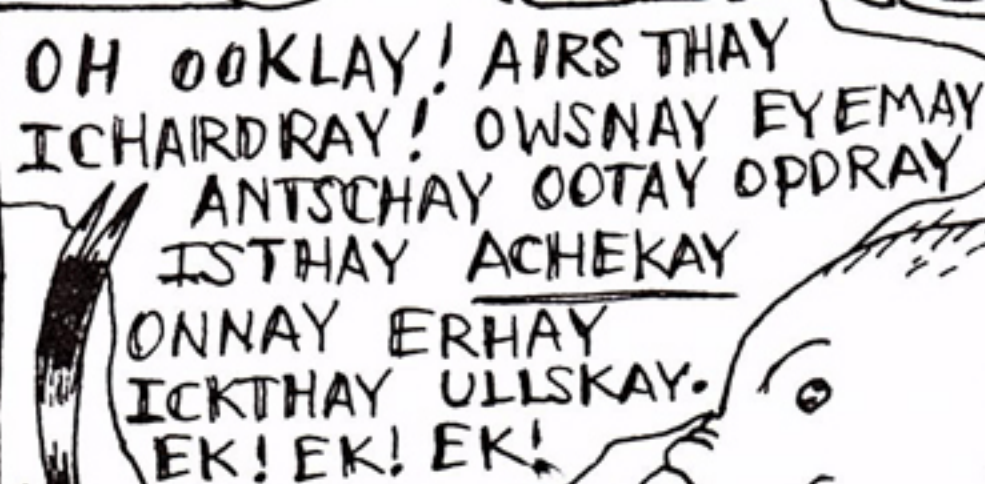


Recipe for obtaining that "I dream of Jeanie" Look.

By: DARCY MEGAN S. ©1992



PUPPY TO
BURROW AND
SUCKLE.
I LOVE
TO TE-
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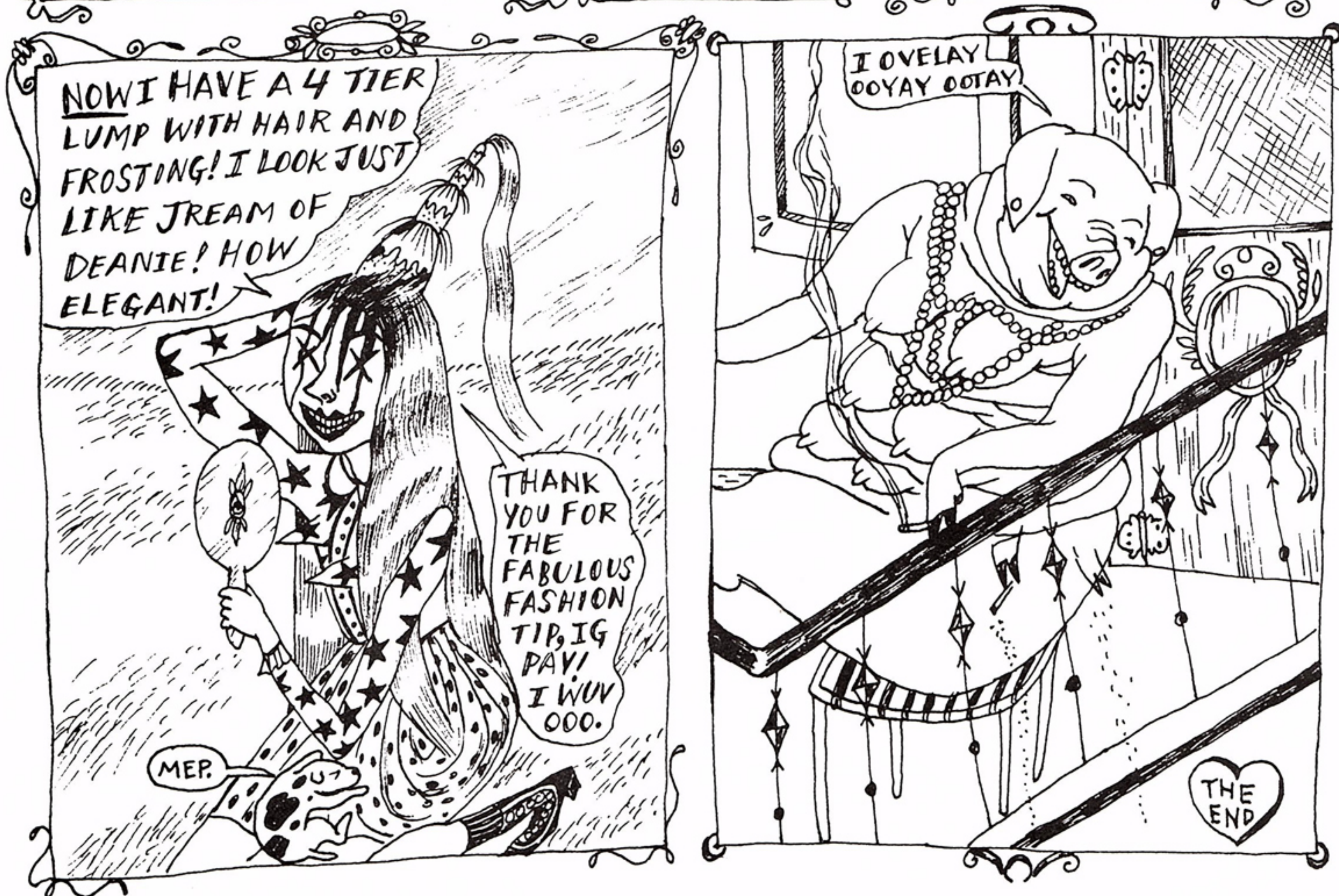
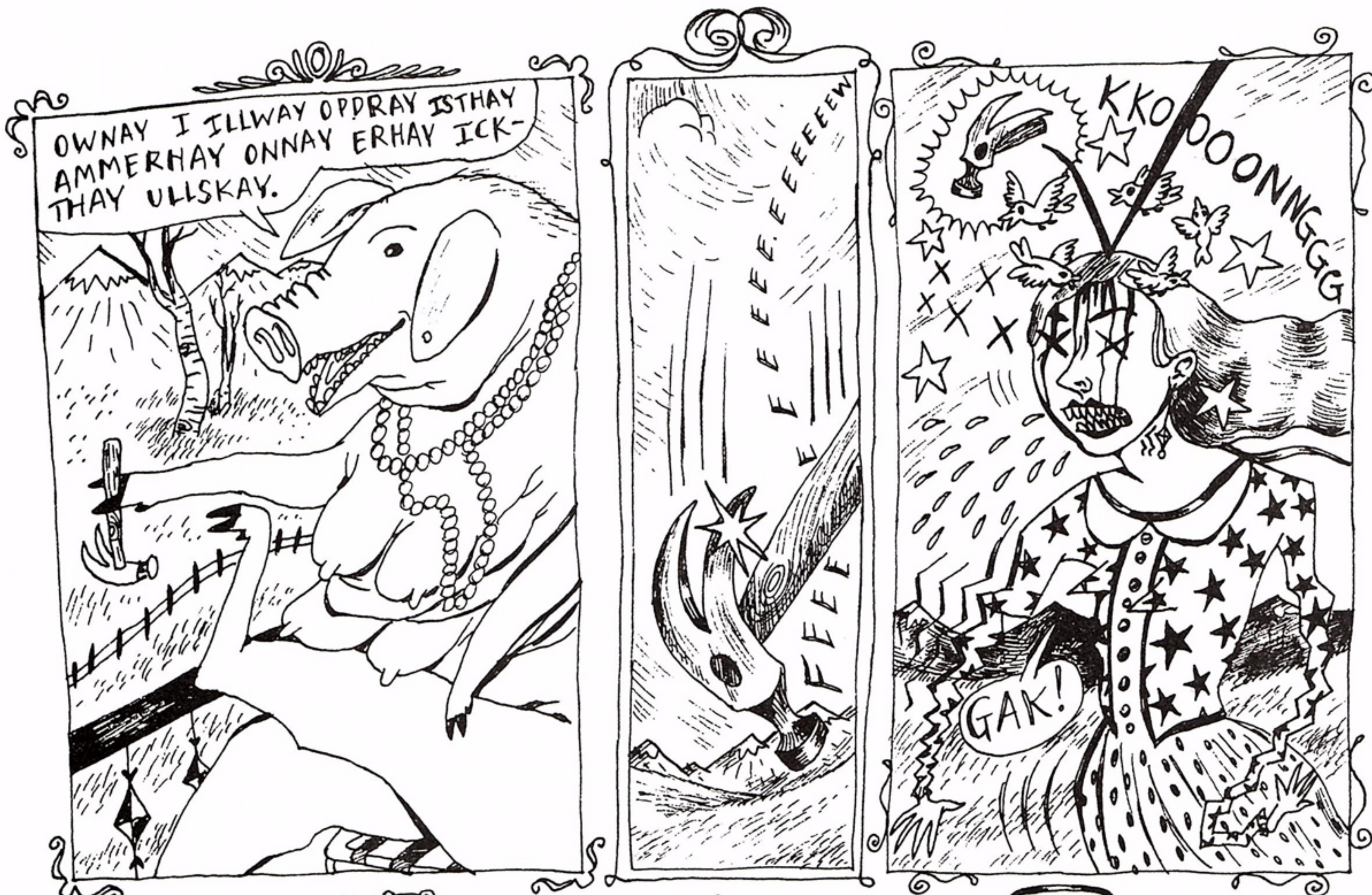
THIS
IS NOT
THE
WAY!



SNOR!
SNORT!

★ I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED AS MUCH ★

CURSES
TO YOU!
YOU
SWINE!





I left to go do my laundry and Taina and Lisa were sitting there, transfixed, listening to Barry Manilow. When I came back an hour later, they were still there, exactly the same as when I left, with those blank expressions save for a small dreamy smile, their heads nodding slowly back and forth like a snake hypnotized by an East Indian. I couldn't believe it, I don't understand. -Darcy-





DAVID CASSIDY. My band [Enrique] opened for him. He's this tall! And he's got the Napoleon's complex. Do you know what he did? He would make his guitar player stand behind a pillar! Then David would pretend to do this really jamming guitar solo with his back to the audience....

DONNY OSMOND. He handed me a rose. I met him at a record store--he was doing autograph signings.

NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK. Pure hysteria. And I felt fear in my heart. For real. A bunch of young, young girls beating each other to get closer to these guys who didn't care about them. Jason [of Enrique] had a big sign that said: Take me home, Jordan. He was standing on a chair holding it up. And Jordan saw it! I saw him see the sign. He looked disturbed and kept singing. We were in the eighth row. Jason would not sit down. Mothers would come up and smack him in the legs and tell him to sit down; their kids couldn't see past him.



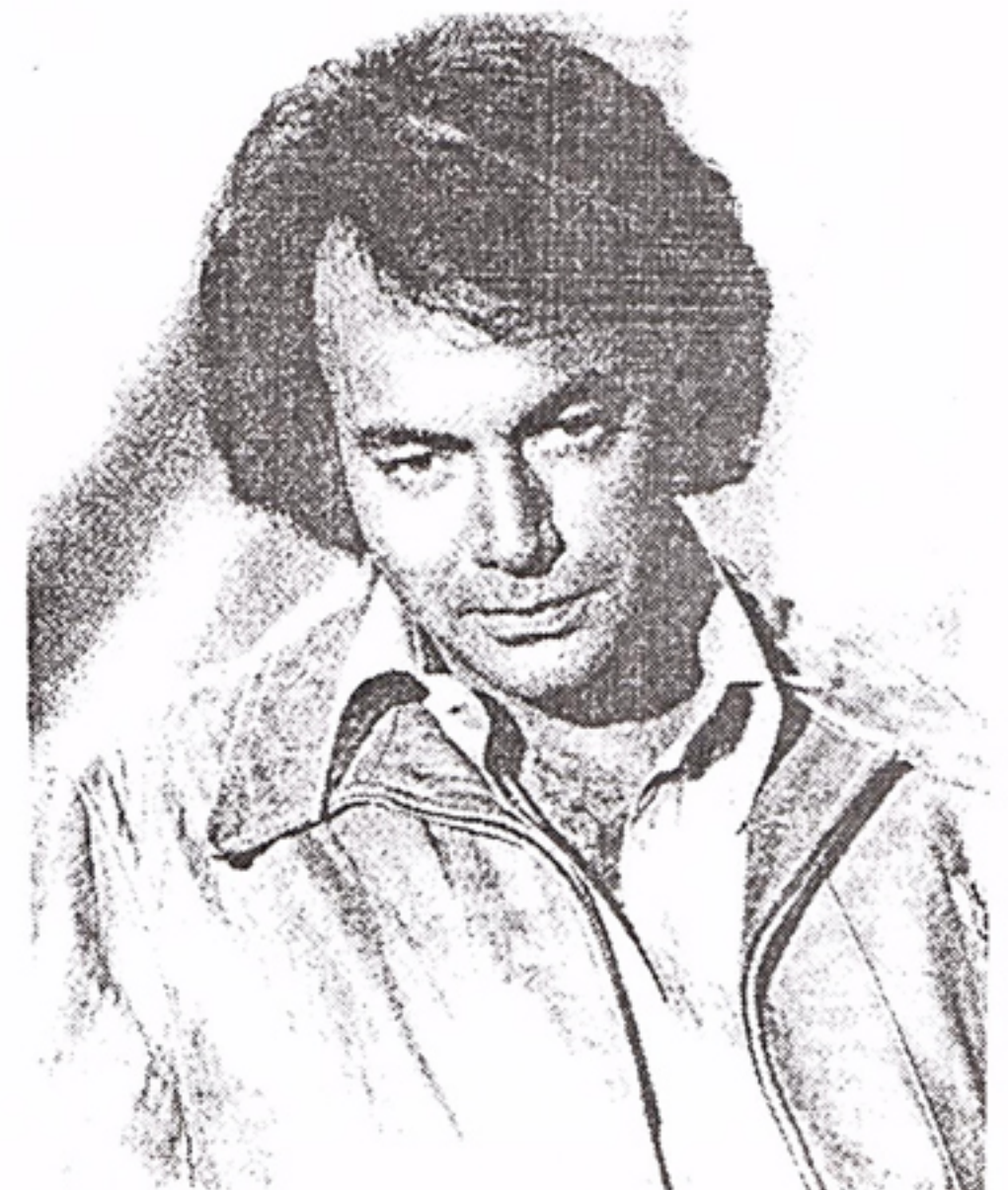
The hysteria started at the very end of the concert. There was this rush to the stage. All these girls were leaping onto the stage, grabbing the boys. The boys were looking like they were not into it at all. After it was over, one of the girls I was with--she was in her mid-teens--was sobbing, absolutely, hysterically heart-broken because Jordan had looked at her for the bodyguard to let backstage, but this other girl pushed her and got backstage instead of her.

The New Kids are gorgeous in real life. They're better looking than their posters. Joey's face's skin glowed and his hair was shining.

PRINCE. He's very short and he's very omnipresent. He's much bigger than just about anyone because he releases so much. He releases everything he's ever recorded, I heard. His sexuality gives me the creeps and I don't trust it. He has a tendency to mold people. Everyone ends up looking like him and their music sounds like his. I had a dream a month ago and all these people were wearing bright purple clothes and I realized: Look, he's so rich he can afford to have everybody dress in his favorite color, and he does it just as a whim.

NEIL DIAMOND. He has this grand magnificence. I really am drawn towards emotional dramatics. I think he really feels the power of his emotions. And he can overwhelm a huge crowd with it. He's in the Guinness Book of World Records for the most sold out concerts. He's got this...eerie patriotism. The Father Country sort of glory that I've never really recognized in myself and so like to try it out now and then to see how it fits.

PRAGUE. I got there in the morning. We came through the countryside. It was so beautiful. In the city all of the buildings were baroque but there were modern





STARÝ ŽIDOVSKÝ HŘBITOV
OLD JEWISH CEMETERY OF PRAGUE



buildings next to old buildings--everything seemed to be embracing the past, present and future. I was expecting poverty and tanks in the streets and instead I found this very modern, very energetic, very happy city full of people.

The people? Oh, they're beautiful. The old men and businessmen wear suits in colors like lavender and burgundy and teal. The old women have violet streaks of hair-dye in their hair and flowers everywhere. The young people have this sort of dark, gothicy look--lots of tall, skinny men with long hair and a tough look and morbid make-up, looking very gaunt and thoughtful. Their big idol right now is Jim Morrison. I don't know how it happened. I went through the neighborhood where Kafka lived. It was one of the older sections of town. It's like 14th century. The buildings were older than the United States. It wasn't a good money deal so [the invading armies] just kind of left it alone and let the artists design the buildings. Art everywhere. The whole town is a museum. Yet they have the modern too. More modern than here. Bubble plastic buildings.

I decided not to move there because the winter would be too harsh. The other thing is I would have to put my cats in quarantine, which I couldn't do. Another thing is I started feeling like I was imposing on these people. Here was this beautiful city that had just recently been opened and everything was extremely inexpensive. I got this feeling like the people there felt Westerners were imposing on them--coming in and putting McDonald's in Prague.

The Czechoslovakian people are very thoughtful and philosophical. They are very proud of being intelligent and rebellious and not just taking things as they are, but questioning them. They like to think. They know more and they see more, on the average, than most Americans I've ever met. The way they love their country seems a little more thoughtful than the way Americans love their country--less blindly patriotic and chauvinistic.

They all looked like Brandan [Kearney]. The ones that didn't look like Brandan looked like Ric Ocasek. **HEIRESS.** That's me. It's an old family business that's been around for six generations. Lumber industry. I think I have more control over the business than I know. I recently decided I should try to get together some sort of talk to give at the next family reunion, because it's a family business. They give lot of money to George Bush. They're really evil.

I had to take out a loan to get my Keane paintings. I could probably take out a huge loan. I have much less money on hand than people probably imagine I do. I have a lot of stocks and bonds. When family members turn 35 they hit this other plateau of economic standard.

MOTHER. There is this whole page in my baby book--there is a piece of snot under a yellowed piece of scotch tape, a piece of poo, and fingernails and hair clippings. She was body functions queen. She told me she was a midwife. She would go out all the time. Every other night she'd be out all night. She'd come

back in the morning, turn the television on, pick her nose, and tell me about how she was a midwife and how she delivered babies for Mexican families who couldn't afford to go to the hospital--she would perform these services for free. But I have a feeling she was just going to bars and arm wrestling men. 'Cause she'd come home thoroughly drunk. And all that was in her doctor's kit were tweezers and bandaids. She said she would just let the woman take care of herself and she'd take the husband off to a bar to calm him down. So that's when I figured she meant midwifery in the symbolic sense--to be a midwife to ideas and conversations. She wasn't always lying so much as speaking metaphorically. She always called being drunk being philosophical. So I always called her Phyllis Slossical. We moved a lot, and I think part of the reason was she would wear out a town--we'd have to move onto fresh territory. She was 86'ed out of every single bar. They'd say, "No, Alice is not allowed in here." 'Cause she'd get in brawls with the men. She'd always have cuts and bruises. I wonder what she was fighting about. She said it was because her family owns the lumber mills that all the men worked in and so they would beat her because they were so frustrated at getting laid off or whatever. But I have a feeling she started the whole thing, because I know that she would get really aggressive: she'd talk in loud voices and really provoke people. She died almost exactly two years ago.

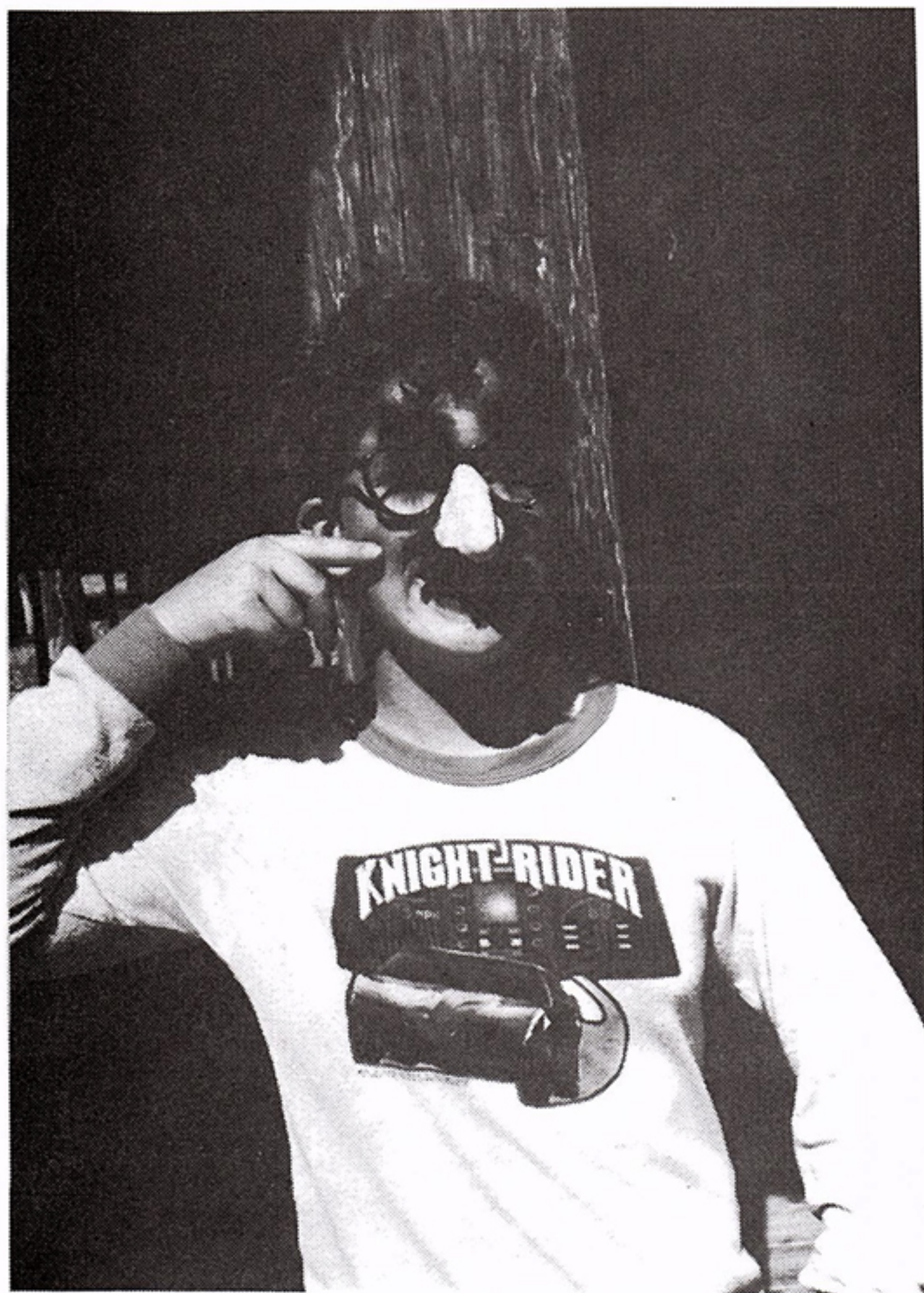
BROTHER. Like Wile E. Coyote--super-genius. He's very witty. I think he couldn't handle his brain. He'd speak in a very formal, deep, manly, loud voice. He had a tendency to finish other people's sentences. And he had to know everything. And he had to teach himself 'cause he couldn't stand any authority at all. He had to be the authority. Of everything. And he was a brilliant improvisational actor. And he was funny, and he could draw and write poetry. He'd go to the library and research things, like how to make explosives out of chicken shit. He disappeared about a year ago. He had just turned 19. He has not contacted anyone. I talked to him on the phone right before he disappeared and he gave no indication that anything weird was about to happen. The next day he was gone. The next week I got calls from everyone in the family wanting to know where he was. They traced his car to the airport in Lawrence, Kansas, and he bought a one-way ticket to Juneau, Alaska. So they sent a detective to Juneau, where they found his backpack in a motel, but no sign of him. And nobody's heard anything since then. Knowing him--he read a lot of Huck Finn--he's really into that being smart and living off your wits thing and leaving red herrings and no trace of where you really are. He could be dead in the frozen tundra, or he could have snuck off very sneakily and very smartly somewhere. I wouldn't put either past him. He's capable of both.

FATHERS. My biological father was, supposedly, a Merry Prankster. He met my mother in a mental institution in Kansas. She said she was in there because she wouldn't



Alice's daughter and Jaina's mother

wear make-up and her parents gave her a choice of going to Europe with them or going to the mental institution, and she chose the mental institution. I'm not sure what it was, but I've heard she was diagnosed as schizophrenic. My father might have been there for drug rehabilitation. My father was heavily into speed and L.S.D. and he was always talking about getting a sex change but he never went through with it as far as I know. I haven't seen him since I was four. Before the wedding I guess he sucked off the best man. My



My brother, D.J. He wouldn't take off that Knight Rider t-shirt all summer until his campmates dragged him into a shower as a "camp improvement project."



A fine portrait of Ken "Pie-rate", featuring his home-made peg.

mother was pretty much into anyone doing whatever they wanted to, to the point of chaos.

The second one was my brother's father. He was a crazy, violent man. He called me when my brother disappeared and said, "Jaina, I always thought it would be you. I always thought you'd be the one to go crazy, because I saw your mother in you. I thought I could breed it out of her, but I guess not."

The third husband was quite a treat. He was a huge Swedish man--bigger than a flock of refrigerators. He had a big, booming voice--HELL0000! He was the party king of our fishing town in Astoria, Oregon--the oldest western settlement in the United States. It's where Louis and Clark went. I didn't see much, 'cause I hid in the closet all the time. I was ten. He had these huge parties all the time. He was so happy to find my mother, someone to finance these parties. They'd invite all the Finnish people over and all the Swedish people and all the Norwegians and they'd drink until dawn and then 'til dawn again, play loud, Norwegian records and dance on the table--this custom-made, huge, picnic table. They'd just cover the table with this really greasy meat and butter and bread and milk. And he always had Nestle Crunch bars in the freezer. Just all this fat. You know, gusto, intense sugar, lots of booze...they'd get yelling, screaming, dancing, tearing the women's shirts off. They had a sauna and an ice bath in the basement. They would not be able to make it upstairs to the bathrooms so they'd pee in the boots in the hallway. There were roosters and chickens and dogs in the house everywhere and butter everywhere and women dancing in the butter on the tables. Candle wax being splashed about. Very chaotic scene.

I got my own apartment when I was 11. She figured that two menstruating females should not be in a house together. I think that was her excuse. She just thought that I needed to become my own person. And the competition factor too--you know, nubile women--she thought we wouldn't be compatible living in a house together. She wanted her own space as well. At one point I lived in a two-bedroom apartment and every now and then a new roommate would come--she'd find some wandering poet in the street and give him the other room.

The one most like a father to me was the fourth husband, who was mechanic. He lost his leg in a motorcycle accident and made his own peg, which is very beautiful. Always sets off alarms in airports. He is now living in Utah. He's always calling me and sending me pamphlets about UFOs, cancer, AIDS, some astronomical cycle we're going through where it will either be pitch black for five days or bright, blaring sun for five days. Supposedly the government knows about it but they're not telling us. He said if it's the sun, you have to stay inside and you can't look at any light without welder's goggles on.

They lived together for years and I went away for a weekend and I came back and they'd eloped. She loved to elope behind my back. She did it several times.



ROYAL TRUX



Royal Trux (Royal 19) Did someone
 ever wish if you notion of psychedelic
 frightened feet postmodernism
 a rooftop for amper, produced pillars
 of shimmering black clouds suggest
 ing anachronistic Shinkies in percent of
 gravity's autobots. Meanwhile, the
 vocal gesture, that, while derived
 from the speech inflections of a particu-
 larly eloquent 5' 11" came close to realizing
 that dream, but not so close that his
 blistering solo leaping with sudden
 calypso-like upstream runs which often
 plummeted to lower register, looks
 that were like the moons of the lovels
 broken by abrupt, unexpected cough
 clusters, was like sugar bear traps
 moving willfully through a stranded
 commuter train.



I AM
 BLIND
 AND MY DOG
 IS DEAD

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write for catalogue!

What Turns You On?

16794 Center Way must be an art colony, the way everyone takes a gin and tonic in the middle of the day. Since the other thing artists are supposed to do (besides drink) is fall in love tempestuously and at all times of the day and night, I asked the members of the Guerneville a.c. for their top ten turn on's and turn off's. (Jaina doesn't live here exactly, but there haven't been any signs of her leaving for quite a while now.)

ON

1. sense of humor and/or cruelty and/or absurdity
2. ability to have an orgasm once every six months, minimum
3. spiritually barren
4. snorts without warning or explanation
5. unique fetishism
6. fondness for avoiding pain
7. contempt for needless convention; wits to overcome same
8. works and plays well with others
9. appreciation of flatulence
10. diapers

OFF

1. musical aptitude of any kind and/or active interest in others with same
2. habitually standing on the left hand side of escalator
3. driving unaware that turn signal is on
4. dwelling littered with uneaten portions of make-up
5. spontaneous human combustion
6. communication skills that rely heavily on clairvoyance
7. belief in the existence of egocentric universe
8. boisterous garrulousness in restaurants
9. thinks anything--especially food, ie. tofu--beyond the realm of previous experience is either "weird" or "so California"
10. frequent episodes of panic-stricken hypochondria

YOU'RE GONNA TURN ME ON IF YOU

1. have a deep social ineptitude
2. consider yourself a genius but hide your light under a bushel
3. make up special dances just for me!
4. harbor an intense loathing for people while bragging about your remarkably enlightened spirituality
5. blame yourself for my outbursts
6. have a dimpled bottom and a beer belly
7. know a quality product when you see it
8. shave your face
9. act very silly at inopportune moments
10. rub my nub

Jaina

MY TURN OFF'S

1. take it personally when I complain about male-generated social inequities
2. mumble and then say "Nevermind."
3. leave the water running while you brush your teeth and pop your zits
4. look at the bill when it's my treat
5. blame yourself for my outbursts
6. don't appreciate my Barbie comic collection
7. smell like a brewery and taste like an ashtray while I'm trying to go to sleep
8. lead into a criticism with "Now don't take this the wrong way."
9. trail toilet paper from your underwear at social engagements
10. would rather watch t.v.



← Seymour
LISA →

AFTER WORKING A 12-HOUR SHIFT, I'LL STILL OPEN THE SHEETS TO THIS FINE FELLOW: HE

1. is bright as a star, sharp as a tack.
2. recognizes right off the bat the charm of a woman who's dyslexic, hypoglycemic, knock-knee'd, flat-footed, blind in one ear, and who has a slight lisp, plus pants like a chihuahua and has a head that looks like a football when wet. (see Jaina's Turn On #7)
3. sasses me.
4. has the presence of mind to quote Raymond Chandler while engaging in sexual activity.

Or Ed McMahon.

5. feels all tingly when in an office supplies store, or when planning a trip to the office supplies store. For Easter, surprises me with a ruler with all those different shapes cut into it.
6. agrees with me when I say my pussy smells like apple cinnamon pancakes with honey yogurt on top.
7. has a face that smells like pancakes.
8. looks like a monkey.
9. makes monkey noises in mixed company.
10. is capable of feeling awe at certain moments.

EVEN AT MY MOST DEPRESSED, SEXUALLY DEPRIVED, SORELY PENNILESS MOMENT, I'D RATHER TUCK MYSELF IN THAN GIVE THIS CREEP THE HONOR: HE

1. blithely lacks belief in the value inherent to the lives of hideous, crawling creatures.
2. had his name legally changed to "Parker."
3. would probably win first prize in the annual Santa Barbara Survival of the Fittest fest. (That determined, straight forward look in his eye.)
4. keeps on explaining after I get it. Is in love with his logic and his manly voice. Wants to be my manager. Thinks I could go far (under his guidance). Pretends he wants to take nude photos of me only because he's a "good photographer." States that I should "exploit" my "pretty face" (for my music career); can't figure out why I act so gross. Chooses to ignore the fact that I'm flat-footed.
5. isn't reluctant to raise his voice when he feels those in line ahead of him are not moving as rapidly as they might.
6. changes personality to suit requirements of current trend.
7. totally abstains from taking part in trends because they're trends. Stays home all the time reading books written a hundred years ago. Is a bore.

(continued) →

9. wants to have fun all the time and never work hard. Badgers those who feel differently. Doesn't understand the difference between stealing from chain stores and from Ma & Pa stores. Has never been to New England (or at least lived in some small, obscure town for a while) and has values either incomprehensible to me or nonexistent.

10. wears cologne, tight pants, and hats for purposes other than keeping his ears warm.

I'M NOT TOO PARTICULAR ABOUT MY WOMEN--JUST THE FACT THAT A WOMAN IS A WOMAN IS ENOUGH TO EARN HER MY ESTEEM. BUT IF SOMEONE MADE ME BE MORE CHOOSY, I'D DESCRIBE MY IDEAL FEMALE IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER:

1. Graphic. Analytical. Unafraid. Moody.
2. Short, brown hair on round face. Serious face, made-up eyes (seen from across the room). Laughing. Flat chest, streamlined. Globe breasts. Ass in pants. Period stained boy underwear. Goofy face. Strong legs. Jumps around, gawky. When everyone sings "Happy Birthday," you can hear her loud and clear. Girlscout dress (too small). Colored overalls. Those black girls in Philly with the tight clothes and mean walk and dyed hair sticking up funny.
3. Exhibitionist. Not like Mariah Carey, but a normal human being who lifts her sweatshirt to flash passing cars when her spirit's high. *or flashes me in the supermarket.*
4. Eats food off the floor (even carpet) and shows me her ear wax. (This simultaneously grosses me out and enthalls me.)
5. Accepts the consequences for her actions. "Safety first" is not always her motto.
6. Knows things I don't know. Has really been around the block.
7. Generous. Can be sneaky. Finds adventure in unexpected places. Is just wonderful.
8. Leaves when she wants. Affectionate, but not necessarily polite. If she's bored, says so. Hardly ever bored. Amuses herself plenty. Doesn't wonder if she did the wrong thing by dropping in. Excitable.
9. Unapologetic.
10. Has the name Jordan.

THIS LADY IS YUCKY. SHE

1. has fake nails (LAVENDER ones), spider legs; talks about her weight. Is competitive.
2. exhibits a noticeable dearth of curiosity.
3. has no confidence. Is an emotional black hole. Doesn't bounce back.
4. is always going around feeling violated by something or other.
5. doesn't take care of business. She's behind on her rent; her library books were due back last decade. Feels the world owes her something.
6. thinks two females shouldn't hold hands because it confuses children. She's confused!
7. is suntanned. Cola and cigarettes on a regular basis. Occasional decadence is a thrill, but I don't want to watch the object of my affection doing dumb things every day.
8. is lonely, bored, resentful. (Not like I haven't

(still Lisa)~

been like this myself, but I even turn myself off when I'm like that.)

9. is greedy.

10. doesn't like me.

:DARCY:

Top 10 Turn On's:

1. Tall, milky white skin, thin, silky short dark hair slicked back in a caddish way, a way popular in the 20's. Dresses like an old man yet young and virile!
2. Wingtips
3. 24 and older (has to be at least 3 years older than me cause boys are so much stupider for longer...all polls and surveys will attest to this as well as my mother. So don't hold it against me)
4. Scientific and kooky
5. Nobody else likes him, or if they like him they are also scientific and kooky.
6. Cooks well, buys me candy, buys me dresses, takes me out for a cocktail, will go to Idaho with me to visit the family. Will take me to shows and movies, has good taste, can slip me the pole somthin fierce, is spontaneous and likes to do irrational things yet has feet firmly planted on the ground when wants to and is a rock jawed grounding pillar for one such as I and can do practical things like the income taxes.
7. Has a clever wit and sharp tongue. Uses it against me but only when I feel like being engaged in witty banter.
8. Makes up sweet yet stupid songs heralding my name and lets me dress him up like a girl and do things to him that a boy does to a girl.
9. Has a luxurious mode of transportation at his command and will basically be at my command yet not let himself get too pussy whipped. Smells good (like condensed milk, or baking muffins, or good kind of boy sweat), has compassion, honesty, and doesn't think auto accident films and its ilk are "cool." Can fix things. Rogue-ish.
10. Is aspiring and deeply embedded in his own projects. Not a slacker. Has money he's earned himself not something daddy gave to him. Someone to respect. Someone who will give me a good spankin when I need it but won't beat me up. Won't cheat on me. Won't die. Isn't a hypochondriac.
(There are exceptions to these preferences if you are nice.)

Turn off's--

1. Are Mormon or look like Mormons, that means pink skin and so blond of eyebrows they are white.
2. Short and stinky
3. Wears modern puffy tennis shoes that cost a million bucks.
4. Stupid and arrogant, blowhard, thinks raping someone is no big deal.
5. Talks about art all the time
6. Doesn't have any opinions and does drugs all the time.
7. Has too many opinions
8. Doesn't have money, stays at people's houses until he is kicked out, eats all my cereal.
9. Is my roommate and has a crush on me and shows me his penis while pretending to adjust his towel.
10. Yells "hey baby I'll give you something to suck on" out the window at me.

TURN PAGE FOR KEN CARVER'S & BILL CALLAHAN'S SECRETS!! →

Bill's Turn on's

1. Doesn't bother me when I have something to do alone because she has something to do alone, also.
2. Doesn't mind if I don't bathe and wear the same clothes for a week. Does the same if she wants. Gets dressed up for me on occasion.
3. Can be bossy as hell
4. Long limp hair
5. A big butt I can sink my teeth into
6. Walks instead of driving
7. Has a great strength matched only by a great weakness; can crumble at the most inopportune moments.
8. Changes my mind
9. Can get buckwild, has a sordid past
10. Has the muscle to wake me up if I sleep too long and the heart to let me go back to bed.

Turn off's

Nothing turns me off.

If a woman has two arms and two legs, that turns me on. But it's not mandatory.

-Ken Carver

Please tell me what punches your buttons, dear reader. Hurry!



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JAINA interviews ALICE DAVIS, 44 (1987)

ALICE: When men tell me I'm not feminine, I say, "Suck my dick." Masculinity is a real turn on. I feel androgynous most of the time.

JAINA: How have things changed since your childhood?

ALICE: We no longer have to wear gloves after six. And hats. We couldn't wear hats after 6 P.M.

JAINA: Why?

ALICE: I asked my mother, and she said, "Women--" oh, no, "LADIES aren't out of the house after six." That's never stopped me from my pursuit of happiness.

JAINA: How did your mother's behavior differ between your brothers and your sister?

ALICE: We were all beat equally.

JAINA: Did she force roles?

ALICE: The girls sewed, cooked, dried socks in the oven, ironed. The boys--they had it pretty easy. We all lived in fear.

JAINA: What did the boys do?

ALICE: MAN chores. Take out the garbage, adjust the horizontal lines on the television.

JAINA: What are your thoughts on the equal rights movement?

ALICE: I've always treated men like they were equals. It either confused them or threatened them.

JAINA: Do you have clitoral anxiety?

ALICE: My clitoris may as well be on the moon for all the action it's getting. Watch out for this: if he sleeps on the right side, your right boob'll get it all the time.

JAINA: What did your husbands do?

ALICE: They're like drones. We mate in flight once a month.

JAINA: Do you run into subconscious, cultural conditioning?

ALICE: Personally? Well, I try not to talk in too shrill tones during my feminine rages.

JAINA: What else?

ALICE: Do I believe in kissing after marriage? No. Especially if they have open, bleeding sores on their lips. When I was twelve, I got my period, and my mother sent a note to school excluding me from volleyball practice! "My daughter has become a woman." That's when I knew the culture was a tissue of lies. I felt fine.

Send \$2 to Jaina c/o Rollendenby for Flatten glossy.



Girlville ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

I was aiming for San Francisco, missing Dover, thinking about Louisville, and landed in Guerneville, California (population 1040), where all the women are ugly and all the men are fondling them. And where none of the animals are made as they should be--there are these ewes next door that sound just like geese, and I saw this HUGE, slow bee made out of two black marbles. Plus there are all these irradiant, teal colored flies, and a rooster that crows only at noon. Plus large, yellowish-brown dogs line the streets, lying down flat and looking like dead leaves. While interviewing Jaina on the dock, a flying squirrel leapt across the lake. Either that or it was a fuzzy bird. There are flowers that smell like toast in our backyard. We live on the Russian River, which floods every once in a while, in which case we have to get in our canoe and ride over to Rio Nido for a few days. Last week there was a rubber duck race, so there were "This way to the duck race" signs on every building downtown: the drug store, the miniature golf playland, Jirk's Pizza, Perry's Charbroiled Burgers, the three bars, the three chiropractor shops, the post office, and the one grocery store, in front of which 25 men with beers hang out. I should mention that all the Guerneville men are alcoholics and all the women are taking back their maiden names and going for their hairdressing license. I think I speak for all Guerneville residents when I say I'm pretty fucking psyched about the annual slug-baking contest coming up this fall. I'm going to use gummy bears in my recipe.

-LCC

← not influenced by The Sex Pistols. It's just that there are no office supplies stores in Guerneville.



Roller derby video!

Witness, through fence slats, the fight next door over who's queer or not, and whose ex-old-lady sewed secret pockets in a jean jacket! Darcy in an inner tube. Lisa, all grimy, doing the windmill (what an enticement!). Costes doing milk tricks naked. Jaina's mother telling her turn-on's (1990). Seymour Glass and some ducks. MORE! Narrated by Jaina. Color VHS, approx. 45 min. \$15 post-paid from LISA CARVER, 16794 CENTER WAY, GUERNEVILLE, CA 95446, USA.

DIET TIPS

by Decadent Dieter **REBECCA ODES**

and The Most Alive Woman In the World, **VICKY WHEELER**

REBECCA: My diet plan involves the only place that's ever open when you're awake, which is Dunkin Donuts. So then you have to eat as many cups of coffee as you can during the day, and a very large diet soda, and then the maximum amount of doughnuts you could ever want to eat. 'Cause basically you don't even want to eat more than a couple of doughnuts. I eat just doughnuts for weeks and weeks and weeks.

VICKY: But I would be able to eat a whole dozen doughnuts.

LISA: Do these new ham and cheese croissant sandwiches they've thrown in put a monkey in your wrench?

REBECCA: No! 'Cause after you've eaten one, you won't want to eat any more. And once a week, it's O.K. to eat their egg and cheese on a bagel, but then when you see how they prepare it you don't want to eat that anymore. They put a piece of imitation American cheese and egg into a Styrofoam bowl, and then they put that in the microwave. Then they take it out and put it on the bagel, on which they've put the imitation margarine.

VICKY: Shannon told me I'm the worst cook on the planet. He said, "Vicky, you're a HORRIBLE cook. You don't know how to spice anything. You just put all this shit into everything and it tastes terrible." He said, "You put Mexican salsa in ITALIAN spaghetti sauce." And I said, "This is America, the melting pot--I can do that. Not only that, but soy sauce in spaghetti sauce--why the fuck not?"

SHANNON: Vicky comes from the school of thought that it all goes to the same place anyway.

LISA: And what school are you from? That only parts of it go to the stomach and the rest waits in Purgatory?

SHANNON: I don't even believe in tossed salad. I like austerity.

VICKY: I believe in curry on everything.

REBECCA: I make bunbon pumpkin cheesecake.

VICKY: If you eat cloves, it makes your bowel movement smell sweet.

REBECCA: I put cinnamon in my hair.

VICKY: People should trust their instincts.



• SEVERIN •

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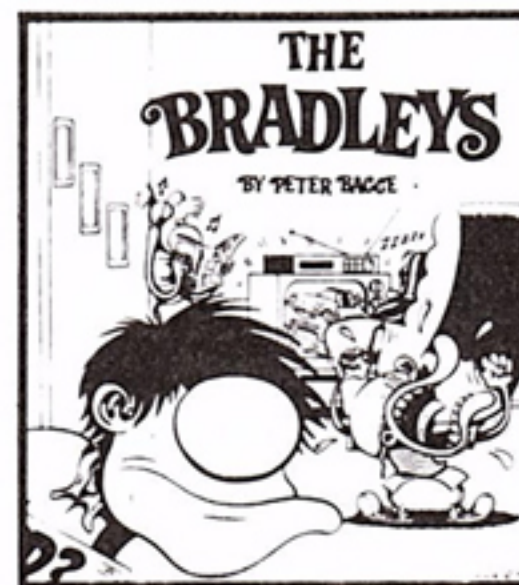
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T O R M E N T

DAWN. Her first husband would wait 'til his breakfast was cold and then throw the plate on the floor. Dawn thought her problems were over when she found...

WILLIS. He was a rich college boy attracted to White Trash culture. But not in his wildest dreams could he predict his flirtation with a 36-year-old, 4 kidded Prince fan with a butterfly tattoo would turn into marriage...**AND PRISON,** keeping him from seeing and touching...

ALEX. 15 years Dawn's junior. Cold as steel, hot as a carburetor. What a killer.

Rollendenby is proud to present Tell Clods to Go Pound Sand, a passionate tale of illicit love by a woman who was there--Alex Behn.



Tell Clods To G. Pound Sand

by Alex Behn

8-83 we met/started going out
4-17-84 he broke up with me (my 19th birthday)
Fall 85 Willis married Dawn
7-86 their child born
Fall 88 he and I kissed
8-89 she found out

5-5-88

Willis called me this morning. He had a dream about me last night. I was at college with him and grading a test. He was hugging me. His wife hid my friendly letter. He has my address written in a code with car parts. He called from a pay phone. They have 13 cars. I reassured him that he doesn't have anything to worry about. There are specific times that I can and can't call. I don't understand why Willis called. I haven't seen him for two years. He liked hearing about the Gran Torino's new life. We might go to a wrecking yard for car parts for my Valiant. I really doubt I'll see him. Too difficult and absurd.

5-28-88

Willis called. He says he thinks about me, has apocalyptic dreams--heavyweight sculptures and crushed, pierced houses. He's in the role of awful step-father now. Thinks about being 80 and his wife dead, then he can find me. I said I'd be deaf. They're going on a vacation in the desert. He wants to have an affair. He said he felt married to me during that school year. Dawn told Willis that if she caught him with a woman she'd shoot him. He wonders why he broke up with me. Says it's because he graduated and had to leave. I told him I would've loved the '62 Comet he gave to a friend.

9-26-88

Willis came over. We played cards. We're nervous but happy. I might see him for lunch, maybe not. Says he's thought about having sex with me hundreds of times. He has bad headaches. The whole family's seeing a counselor. He looked at my car's slant-6 engine. I looked at his '36 truck (end of license: 666). Dawn says she'd be devastated if they broke up. I told him maybe he'd be dissatisfied with anyone. He says we should not be so cautious. I think I should stay away. Dawn went to a soothsayer who predicted they'd have two more kids and lots of difficulties. He's not allowed to get Butthole Surfer records because I wrote in a letter that I liked them. Lynn told me Willis and Dawn are using me. I shouldn't have anything to do with them.

9-30-88

Talked to Willis this morning. He said I had beautiful lips, but he wants to work it out with Dawn.

10-19-88

Willis always told Dawn they were opposites and complemented each other. His nose is broken in two places so he looks mean. He says he loves me and sex with Dawn is really bad.

10-26-88

Willis called from a pay phone. He told Dawn he wasn't happy so she's been much nicer. He says he thinks

about me when he makes love to her. Dawn's going to prayer meetings with Jehovah's Witnesses.

Oct. 1988

Dearest Alex,

In a way, Dawn helped me in my drive for you. Me and her have become almost sexless. I don't know if she realizes this, but I am unfulfilled. My stepdaughters are beautiful asshole bitches. They win their favors through a tease--kiss-ass-fake-smile procedures. All that can be alluring and damning at the same time. They are way too dangerous to deal with let alone having even a stepfather/stepdaughter relationship. You are a much pleasanter choice to turn to. I fought your existence for months, but jealousy and anti-sex kept you specifically alive. Now Dawn hates my junk. It does need to be thinned and organized. I love you. Right now you are my hope. If I torch my last 50 Plymouth I will only have 11 cars left in the yard. Rust has already beaten us to a major portion of it and I busted out its gas tank.

Love, Willis

11-5-88

Dawn's being nice again; interested in sex. He's still tall and skinny and wears tall black boots. We talked in a '50 Plymouth. He says he sat in the car and it all made sense.

11-11-88

He's clearing out his junk so Dawn's really happy with him. She's going to AC/DC tonight. He's not planning to leave until July 1989: 8 months. His stepdaughters are 12 and 13. They fought today. One hit the other with a fishing pole. Dawn doesn't let him see her body during sex. He gets off but it isn't satisfying. He says he won't get up the nerve to file for a separation until January or February. Dawn's started to wear patchouli oil to be alluring.

11-14-88

Willis came over this morning. We went to get scones then acted like 5-year-olds: "I'll show you if you show me." He kisses me and I smell of steel and grease.

11-19-88

Willis bought a '61 Chrysler New Yorker. While I was waiting for Willis at a sandwich shop the guy next to me talked about how fun it was to own a gun. Willis wants to have a baby with me and drive off to Alaska.

11-21-88

Willis has dreams about his stepdaughter Becky. He worries that if he leaves it'll fuck her up. She's already a "wild bitch." Dawn watched him piss when he came home late from Petaluma. I've only seen him 9 different days. Letter: "I am waiting for attrition to make the timing right to start the divorce papers. I must leave my wife with a few good cars and assurance

of care and compassion for our mutual interest [their son Fenton]."

1-4-89

Went with Willis to Pick Yr. Part in Hayward. It's always a shock to see him because his face is always plainer and meaner than in my head. He said my "spell" on him was fading, ever since I told him to go away when I got back from Virginia. Dawn is making all sorts of concessions to him.

1-9-88

Willis is a complete fucking asshole. All his old feelings for Dawn are back. They went fishing this weekend.

8-8-89

(7 months since Willis's last phone call.) Dawn called twice tonight. "This is Dawn, Willis's wife. We have to talk." She knew where I lived and said she was a few blocks away. The first time I hung up on her. Second time I talked to her for a long time after she called me a bitch. I was wedged in the hallway so she couldn't shoot me through the window. Willis told her we kissed. She says kissing is really intimate. She wouldn't mind being raped, but she would freak out if the rapist kissed her. I told her that she has to respect that not everyone feels the same way she does about kissing. She mistakenly thinks we had sex. He said he reserves that for her and wants to have another baby. She can't kiss him without thinking of me. During marriage counseling she wanted to break her anniversary present (the cactus) with an ax since I helped him pick it out. Says Willis withdraws and turns green at the mention of me. She wants to read the letters he wrote to me. Wonders if Willis is staying with her for some "lame-ass" reason. Then she tells me about her five kids, wants to set me up with her 21-year-old son.

12-8-90

Willis called out of the blue from Novato Library. He saw a photo of me in Bananafish while cutting up food. He almost sliced his finger off. Then he ate his sandwich and saw a long, curly hair inside. He called once and I yelled loudly and hung up when no one said anything. That kept him going for a while.



AUTHOR ALEX BEHR (photo: David Maung) ↗

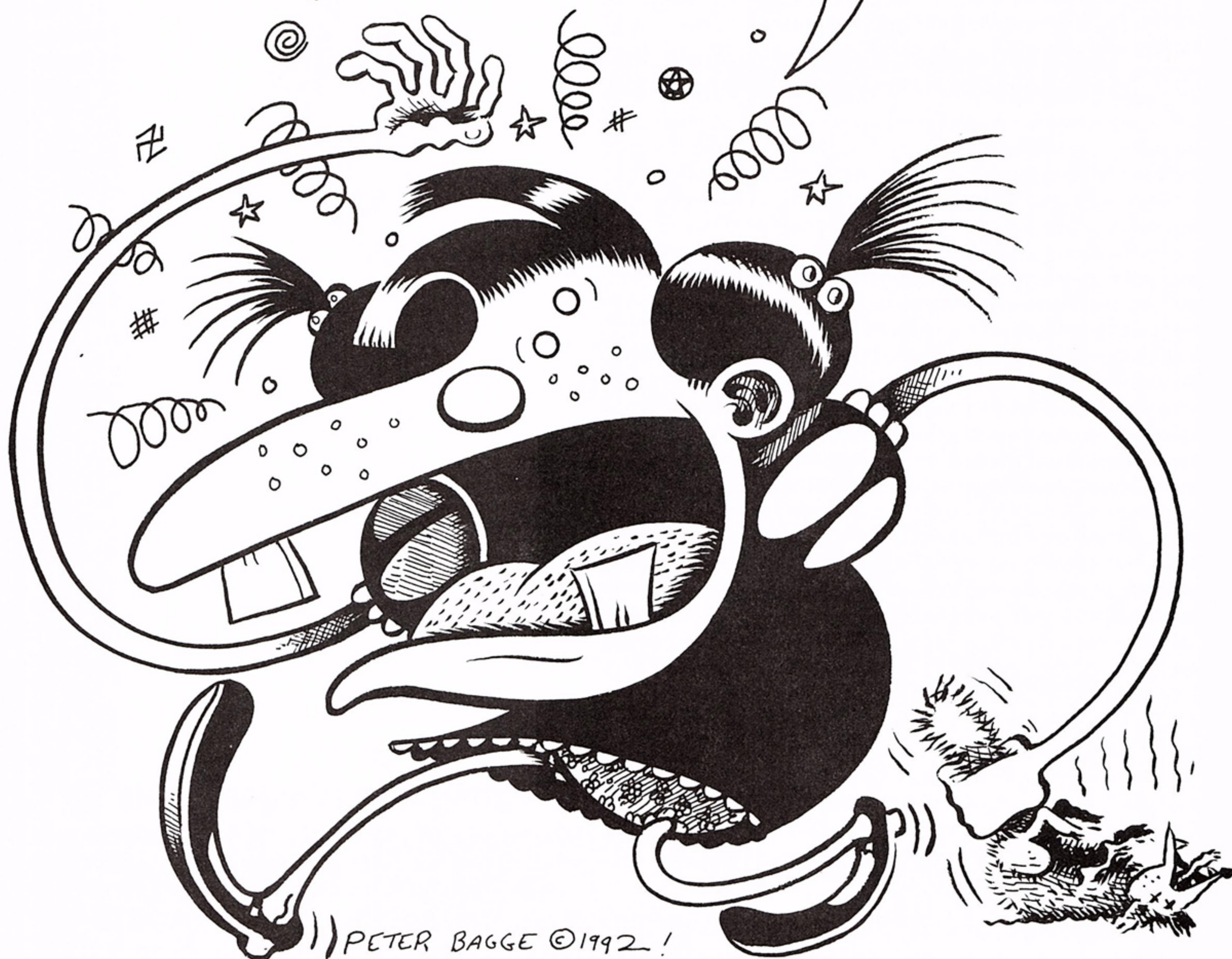
JuiCy Little ExtRA . . . by Lisa!

Just last Saturday, Alex and I decided to drive her '63 Valiant past her past lover's and his wife's house. Alex kept saying "It's this next street" and then apologizing when it wasn't. At last it was there--a trailer that was either gray or just looked gray, with a dead lawn and a bunch of rusty cars and large, sprawling junk. Suddenly a foul reek smashed into my nose. At first I thought it must be coming from Willis' and Dawn's house. Then I wondered if we had run over a skunk. Turning to Alex, I saw that her steering knuckles were white and her eyes were bulging. Then I realized--the smell was coming from Alex. Two minutes later, back on the highway, the smell disappeared. Alex seemed pleased to have produced such a thing.

I found this to be so delightful an anecdote I immediately told everyone I know, including the Queen of Scent, Vel Swisher, who pointed out that baboons when scared leave a trail of a similar odor for their pursuers and even dribble a little diarrhea. Vel and I commiserated on how much we would like to do this too, but of course since we wear underwear it would just stay in our pants and we'd have to deal with it later. Yet another example of the ancient joys mowed down by the advance of the civilization tractor trailer.

I'm SO
HAPPY...

...CUZ
I HAVE SO MANY
MENTAL
PROBLEMS!



ROLLERDERBY #8 Young, good-looking bank robbers, Lawrence Welk, Ethan Buckler, Seymour Glass's mom, Lisa Suckdog's mom, white trash, and virgin sex stories.

RD #7 Hot dates GG Allin and Darcy Megan S., underwear and green nail polish.

RD #6 Lisa Suckdog's dad, Royal Trux, Darcy.

RD #5 Yamatsuka Eye, essay on killing yourself, celebrity gossip, old people into SM.

RD #4 Vicky Wheeler, supermodel Helena Christenson, sexy devil Mikhail Gorbachev.

SUCKDOG ♥ Pink, mostly naked, poorly photocopied, young Suckdogs.

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P.S. Rollerderby or Suckdog t-shirts \$10 each. Large or XL. Black on white. Foxy.